SIDNEY PETERSON
— A CELEBRATION

March 9 & 10, 1984
at the Collective for Living Cinema
52 White Street
New York, NY 10013

Cover: Self Portrait by Sidney Peterson (etching)
courtesy Julie Sitney.

Friday MARCH 9, 1984 8 p.m.

The Workshop 20 Films:

The Cage (1947, 31 min. silent)
photographed by Hy Hirsch.
with Joseph Brusberg, James Keeney, Anne Hopkins, Beverly Campbell, Rex Mason, Charles Campbell, Harlan Jackson & Merle Jensen.

"a macabre chase after an eyeball: the world going backwards; the protaganist trapped in the birdcage." C16

The Petrified Dog (1948, 19 min. sound by Carl Austen, Leslie Turner, Hal Bronstein, Harry Reminick.)

An Abstract and disjunctive narrative often compared to Lewis Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderlan.'

Mr. Frenhofer and the Minotaur (1948, 21 min. music by Frederic Daunic, voice by Beatric Perry)

Based on Balzac's short story, 'Le chef-d'oeuvre inconnu' (The Unknown Masterpiece) and Picasso's etching, 'The Minotauromachie.

The Lead Shoes (1949, 18 min.)
Two traditional ballads, 'Edward' and 'The Three Ravens' are scrambled together based on the principles of condensation and displacement.

Saturday MARCH 10, 1984 starting at 11 a.m.

An all-day reading of Peterson's long-out-of-print novel, A Fly in the Pigment, pub. by Contact Editions, Sausalito, California, 1961.

Organized by Nadia Shtendera, general assistance by Marjorie Keller,
Sound Engineer Helene Kaplan,
Technical assistants Emily Breer & Kate Johnson
Backdrop by Chris Cordes.

Saturday MARCH 10, 1984 8 p.m.

Horror Dream (1947, 10 min. color, sound)
Choreography by Marian Van Tuyl, music John Cage.

"a choreographic interpretation of a dancer's anxiety before starting upon her theatre routine." C16

Clinic of Stumble (1947, 18 min. color) Co-director Hy Hirsch.
Choreography by Marian Van Tuyl, music by Gregory Tucker,
dancers, Beth Osgood, Barbara Bennion, Edith Wiener.

Adagio for Election Day (1950, 18 min.)
Assistant photography William Heick, music by the 5.

Although Adagio is the last of the Workshop 20 productions, a seige of pneumonia prevented Peterson from personally completing the film. His students finished it. The film has never been released. There were a few public screenings of the film at the Anthology Film Archives during the 70's.

Japanese House (1955, 18 min.)
produced, photographed & edited by Sidney Peterson for the Department of Architecture & Design of the Museum of Modern Art, NY.
Narrated by John B Hughes, music by Norman Lloyd.

Man in A Bubble (1981, 16 min.)
Assistant director Marjorie Keller, Sound Helene Kaplan.

A study of the solipsistic autonomy in the midst of the cacophony of contemporary urban environment. This film was started at a workshop at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, and completed in New York.

ALPHABETIZED LIST OF READERS:

Rebecca Abbott (Mlle. Choux & Narrator)
Kate Baum (Narrator)
Alan Berliner (Bishop of Equatorial Bampopo, Monseigneur Blatz)
Stan Brakhage (Dr. Hippolyte Fontainas)
Tom Brener (M. Grandpet & father of Akbar Dajacet)
Randy Cashmere (gentleman with a moustache)
Chris Cordes (Achille Lamcon)
Simon Field (M. Salmon & Narrator)
Vincent Grenier (Dumouchel, taxi driver & waiter)
Bob Harris (la Voix de Paris)
Linda Harvey (la Voix de Paris)
Nora Jacobson (Narrator)
Helene Kaplan (Narrator & Mlle. Pandore)
Vera Kaczmarska (la Voix de Paris)
Margie Keller (Narrator)
*Stephen Koch (Fanny, the Fly)
Pierre Landau (la Voix de Paris)
Jurij Majiwskyj (la Voix de Paris)
Stacey Markowitz (la Voix de Paris)
Rich Martens (la Voix de Paris)
Bill Minifie (la Voix de Paris)
Luz Myriam Monslave (la Voix de Paris)
Marie Nesthus (narrator)
Ikki Ohashi (la Voix de Paris)
Mariko Osawa (la Voix de Paris)
Katya Peterson (la Voix de Paris)
Sidney Peterson (Narrator)
John Pruitt (Narrator)
Rick Rofihe (Emile Sagon & passenger in taxi)
Janie Rosenburg (la Voix de Paris)
Ruth Ruston (la Voix de Paris)
Nadia Shtendera (Omphale, the lisping fly)
P. Adams Sitney (Narrator)
David Lloyd Smith (Radio Announcer)
Rick Stanbery (la Voix de Paris)
Hideo Suzuki (la Voix de Paris)
Annie Thompson (Narrator & Mme. Duhren)
Rhonda Tymeson (la Voix de Paris)
Charles Wright (Narrator & Baudin)
Nancy Wechter (la Voix de Paris)

2 JANUARY 1954

2 ND DAY
363 DAYS TO COME
DAY OF WEEK

Today is the Birthday of

Roger Jones type a Gantry is introduced to Dr Jo6 —

The result: bringing off of the Luxembourg-Louvre Roma - metropolitan deal — and done in the abstracted "Kafka style — never named Manhattan. etc —

result brought off by Gantry seeing the light; when the smell and of the glasses

3 RD DAY
362 DAYS TO COME
DAY OF WEEK

JANUARY 3

Today is the Birthday of

Seem the language end = Instead of "Education" Consciousness ship without a conscience —

Patients on 8th floor St. L's watching t.v. ing on TV & discussing it in terms of "aggression" "ego" etc. of the in revision of psychiatry

Use Fly under Pigment. Escape from still life Life; panic, 12 hrs. to live. Must get back — End — Caught on a Mondrian In a contemporary studio —

Peterson's 1954 diary entry of the original idea for the "Fly."

4TH DAY
5TH DAY

4 JANUARY

4 TH DAY
361 DAYS TO COME
DAY OF WEEK

Today is the Birthday of

Too bad he didn't live to see the Picasso—

But Mondrian—! ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ It would be ... he a ..."

—was at a loss for the right word. He stood up, his jaw dropping. "Well, not so much a desecration as a ... a ... ~~[illegible]~~, You recall Zarathustra, Monday was not Nietzsche's. But the sentiment is the same. "Accidents cannot happen to me. All is precise, neat, like a ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ plan for a symphony. On the other hand there are the gardens of

5 JANUARY

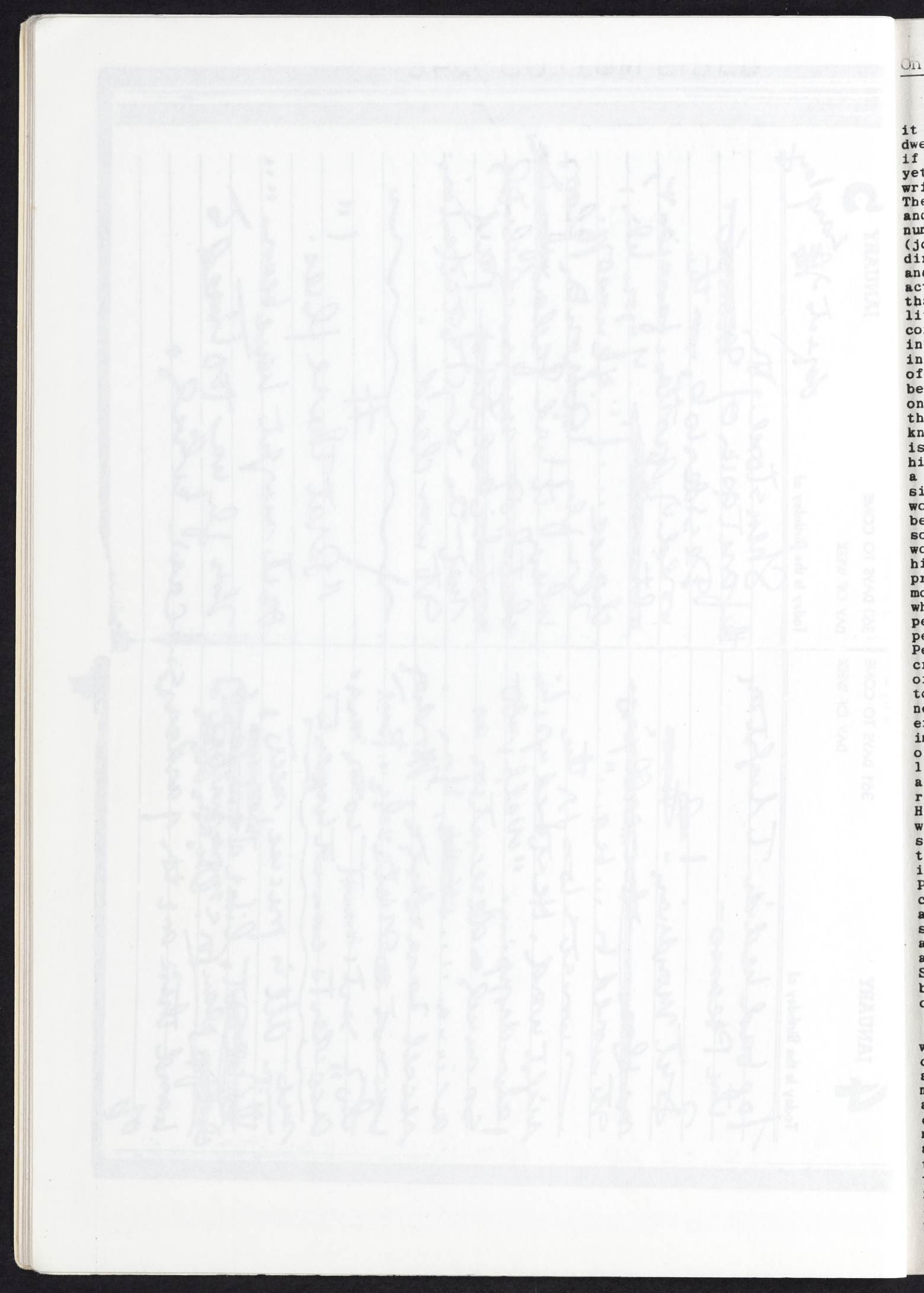
5 TH DAY
360 DAYS TO COME
DAY OF WEEK

Today is the Birthday of

Langley Boyce Shenstone, the antiquarian of Desiderio, — the world of grotto, fancies & ~~[illegible]~~ you like, chance ... [illegible] reason. The fly [illegible] on a floor when it had fallen from ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ not ~~[illegible]~~ paid most [illegible] attention: It was dead.

#

"Beat these flies!" One might have been ... The fly was too tired to care which.



On Sidney Peterson

For a long time now it has been unfashionable to dwell on an artist's personality if one is writing serious criticism, yet this is inescapable when writing on Sidney Peterson. The man has easily slipped into and just as easily out of any number of diversified roles (journalist, filmmaker, museum director, scriptwriter, novelist) and throughout these varied activities there is no question that a single, compelling personality has dominated. It is the consistent stance of this incisively intelligent, erudite and witty individual that makes sense of the work. Though one would be hard-pressed to pin him down on this issue, one guesses that Peterson instinctively knows that just being himself is what counts most and hence his apparent unconcern in developing a career and reputation in a single sphere of endeavor. That would have been petty. I am beginning to think that Peterson's so-called indifference to his work (some have called this his Duchampian position) is his most profound link to Surrealism, that movement, to paraphrase Octavio Paz, which didn't so much want to create perfected poems as to make every person a kind of living, walking poem. Peterson has never been called a craftsman. With him, the actual work of art is ruthlessly a mere means, not to be hallowed, not even to be preserved necessarily. It is there merely as an exercise in living, in maintaining an imaginative response to the restraints of an enveloping world. Art enriches life but to take art too seriously is already to confine it and thus to restrict the possibilities of living. He has often exhibited his anarchic wit at the expense of his own films, so as to maintain his freedom from them. They're over and done with; he is moving on. Because to confront Peterson as artist is above all to confront the particular attitude of an artistic personality, it makes perfect sense to treat his writings and films as a whole, as the product of a single activity. It is not untypical of a Surrealist enterprise, incidentally, to blur the distinctions between the so-called separate arts quite radically.

Peterson was once commissioned to write a history of San Francisco, a city he reveres and still writes about and it is perfectly compatible with my thesis here, that this exercise in a relatively objective mode (Peterson calls it a "bad book") is in some ways no less a labyrinthian and enigmatic attempt at self-definition than anything else he has done. Small wonder that the would-be publishers lost interest. Except for an uncharacteristic 60's idealist stance in the closing chapters, I don't consider it a bad book at all; it's perfectly readable and the comparative clarity of the text, while not showing Peterson at his best, does illumine much. Curiously it's a good place for Peterson devotees to start since to my eyes it offers Peterson's own myth of artistic origin, as refracted through the annals of his chosen city.

For Peterson, San Francisco is priviledged because being on the West Coast it has escaped history, the close scrutiny and inhibiting factor of the European past; and because it is a city which is threatened every half century or so with total devastation by earthquake, it has little concern with its own past or future as well. The ambience of the town manifests itself through the exuberance of present and fleeting realities only. Where all is threatened with imminent destruction, gallows humor prevails, even in the way the city streets impossibly lead straight up its many hills, for you see life is just a little less dull that way. Within this bold fiction, it comes as no surprise that the circumstances behind the making of the famous Workshop 20 productions of the late 40's, with their manic black humor, their easy assimilation of accident, attest to Peterson's claim that they were made with "no eye on posterity." The films were gestures that seized the moment, done in the spirit of Chaplin and Keaton, filmmakers who plied their trade before the movies diminished themselves and got serious. When a job came up in Seattle in '51, Peterson took it without hesitation, a decision which ended Workshop 20 just as easily as it was begun. Only 30 years later did Peterson turn back (if that is the phrase) and try to approximate the creative circumstances of those films. The long hiatus, taken up by documentary and commercial filmmaking, novel writing, etc., seemed to express that he lived up to his word, to his own insistence that the generative filmmaking atmosphere of San Francisco in the late 40's was a transitory moment that could neither be sustained or repeated. To have acted otherwise would have been to deny the very spirit of the city that fostered the films in the first place.

Even the characteristically and quintessentially Petersonian gags on anthropophagy (see the final scene of The Lead Shoes) and coprophagy (note the protagonist's culinary preference in A Fly in the Pigment) exhibit a relation to San Francisco in Peterson's myth, for the city is steeped in tales of the forty-niners obsessed with gold, a classic displacement of fecal matter, and these same miners often were forced to eat a companion to prevent starvation in the isolated snowed-in mountain passages, thus also providing quite commercially successful material for the city's tabloids. Peterson does not forget the

original Californians in his wide ranging history either. The culture of the American Indian set the proper spirit long before the white man arrived. A passage he quotes from The Trickster, concerning the function of tribal folktale telling, could easily his own impetus to handle the most gruesome taboos in humorous fashion: "to add disorder to order and so make a whole, to render possible within the fixed bounds of what is permitted, an experience of what is not permitted."

Though Peterson's anthropological interest in the American Indian is apparently genuine and long-lived, he is brilliantly true to form when writing on this theme, since his radical scepticism balks at any attempt to discover the bases of human nature through the study of so-called primitive peoples. Here is where Peterson's particularly subversive view of mythology reveals itself most starkly. As he sees it, Indian wise men no doubt bored themselves and their listeners by the continual re-telling of the orthodox version of the tribal myths, so they distorted the tales, if not downright improvised others on the spot, perhaps with special perverse glee when narrating to a foolish white man who was busy taking down notes as accurately as possible with the aim of preservation. No two anthropologists would get the same version. As a consequence, a wise man got more continual attention and presumably steady remuneration for his "pains to remember." In other words, the past is not only unsacred, but unknowable on its own terms, terms separate from the diversions of the present. Furthermore, the very ability of the scientific investigator to see the subject with a clear vision is itself highly questionable. Obscure fallacies have their way of imposing themselves onto the real. Around 1950, Peterson took part in aborted film project aimed at documenting the lives of the Kwaikiutl tribe on the Northwest Coast. With typical provocative hilarity, Peterson offers the following in The Dark of the Screen as an indirect way of revealing his doubts regarding the anthropological documentary genre:

> In the Eighteenth Century European view, even the most noble savages were given to anthropophagy. The entire primitive world got the message and some of the most obliging went so far as to become anthropophagous as a matter of noblesse oblige.
>
> It is still a matter of controversy whether or not, for example, Captain Cook was eaten as a kind of argumentum ad hominum, merely to prove a point. On the Northwest Coast there were no records of people eating people before the arrival of the Europeans. What happened was a sudden efflorescence of it in a ritualistic form.

Thus the self-appointed guardian of San Francisco's tribal myth has not hesitated to reveal his history to be not the history, but one subject to personal obsessions, the spirit of the present moment, and perhaps simply the competitive urge to get more attention than his rival storytellers. The distorted becomes as much of a must, then, as the scandalous -- both trademarks of Peterson's mode.

The Surrealist cannot be caught making history, but he can be caught making things up as he goes along. When an interviewer presses Peterson for some straight biographical facts, he gets no chronologies ("don't like them," he says) but he'll get a series of anecdotes, jokes and epigrams that continuosly spin off from one another as Peterson faithfully pursues the distractions of the instant. The man never lets down his guard; he is indeed a walking version of one of his own poems. Even when the frustrated critic (he doesn't like them either) does get a dated and a place in the chronological life, it is information put forth in the language of the accidental and haphazard: "Yes, in Nineteen blankity blank, we found ourselves living in blank." Given such turns of phrase, one is not subsequently taken aback when Peterson says that the reason he joined UPA in the mid-Fifties just after leaving The Museum of Modern Art was that the former simply had a New York office across the street from the latter. Ever the artist, Peterson gives his interrogators, would-be anthropologists, not substance but manner. He plays his own conception of a Kwakiutl witch doctor who doesn't want to put anybody to sleep with the official version.

The ingenious opening chapter of The Dark of the Screen is itself a kind of twisted treatise on Peterson's propensity to employ the resources of chance and exaggeration in his art. It is a diabolic apology for the imprint of an anamorphic lens as the hallmark of the visual style of the Workshop 20 films, but is more significantly a thinly disguised and very real polemic. The dark of the screen is a serious metaphor. In the opening lines Peterson evokes a mock mass in which art as religion, as gospel, is ridiculed. That which lays claim to a higher, clearer visionary truth or to a uniquely original myth is deflated as the product of accident, obsession and gross misunderstanding:

> In the memory of the legendary anesse, who painted a picture with the tip of her tail and thought better of doing it again, perhaps in recollection of more distinguished ancestors honored at solemn Masses where the congregation brayed thre times, "Hinham, Hinham, Hinham," and the celebrants chanted the immortal Prose of the Ass, which began,

Orientis partibus

Adventavit Asinus...

let us bray.
Our father, Joseph Antoine Ferdinand Plateau, whose art led him to gaze without blinking at the sun for twenty-five seconds, as a result of which he went blind, although somewhat earlier Kepler had explained the need for using the camera obscura for astronomical work and Father Scheiner had employed one to study sun spots in safety...

Here, Peterson answers another Kwaikiutl witch doctor, a friend, erstwhile collaborator, and uneasy rival for the San Franciscan patrimony, James Broughton, author of Seeing the Light, which volume, taking the form of a gospel for filmmakers, offered a catalog of the Saints, Saints Mekas, Brakhage, Anger and the like, though of course not without Broughton's own brand of irony. Peterson will have no such self-deception. Where the idealist sees artistic inspiration, he sees distraction and Freudian slips; where the idealist sees insight, he sees a necessary blurring of vision. On Peterson's terms, we give the world meaning not by seeing into and through its light, but by turning away from it, by distorting it, or by seeing it quite wrongly through what is actually the darkness of our limited perspective which we then call, oddly, "the imagination." Peterson's art insists on freedom, on the newness of invention, but it is the freedom of a sceptic, the inventiveness of a pessimist.

His work consistently relates the so-called visionary creation to weakness, chance, disorder, obscurity. It is an eye which is momentarily cut loose, to roll fortuitously on its own that generates the wonderful dreamscape of San Francisco in The Cage. The central consciousness of The Petrified Dog, the little girl, through whose eyes we see the film's disjunctive and fantastically comic events, most likely owes the uniqueness of her vision merely to a nervous eye twitch. Peterson brilliantly chose to adapt a Balzac short story in Mr. Frenhofer and the Minotaur by having the narrative told by the one character that Balzac had quite conscioulsy and ironically put in the background of the events in the original. The beautiful, quite unintellectual model, Gillette, the subject of art, has the least understanding of art and cannot begin to rival it for man's attention. Peterson's Gillette rattles on in a seemingly aimless manner, which almost suggests that the reason images from Picasso's "Minotauromachie" intrude into the Balzacian scheme is because she's confused and cannot correctly remember the story which paradoxically she both takes part in and has "already read." Maybe the distortions are the product of dream displacement and condensation, for the film also suggests that the narrative is generated by Gillette momentarily falling into a swoon. And of course the reader of A Fly in the Pigment owes the incredibly distinctive vision of Paris in that novel to the priviledged perspective of a fly-protaganist, priviledged only because relative to a human's, a fly's eyesight is severely impaired. Thus we have in Peterson's fiction, a rendering of the emotional power of an abstract expressionist painting for example, as derived from the trivial fact that it so precisely duplicates the view a fly would have of a Reubens canvas if it happened to accidently land on one.

If debunking and obscuring form the bulwark of Peterson's artistic stance -- then one can be sure his critical stance will follow suit. Otherwise his criticism would be inartistic and uninteresting. Peterson's long discussion of The Lead Shoes in The Dark of the Screen explains nothing and too much. It is another tour de force, an extended diversionary tactic which rapidly moves through a whole series of outrageously disparate interpretations of his own film that complicate more than clarify. In confronting art as well, we turn away from it. An imaginative viewing is one pulled along by impulses quite outside the context of the work at hand:

> Shakespeare keeps popping up in The Lead Shoes. Take the clootie sequence, the woman removing her shoes, standing on the window sill, falling into the workman's lap (compare Emilia's remark to Desdemona: "If wives do fall... and pour out treasures into foreign laps...") and then the action being reversed and the shoes putting themselves on. The clue is to be found in the English lesson in Henry the Fifth, when Katherine asks, "Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?" And Alice replies, "De foot et de coun..."
>
> Does this mean that viewers of The Lead Shoes should first bone up on Henry the Fifth? Why? There are hundreds of other ways of reaching similar conclusions. Every schoolperson knows that playing footsie has nothing to do with pigskins. For those who have forgotten, Wentworth and Flexner define in as the "pedal equivalent of amorous handholding."

A serious critic (Peterson doesn't like critics, remember) concerned to see the film as it really is, might insist that there is little that is Shakespearian in The Lead Shoes. But in Peterson's scheme, where there is no fixed past, we have little access to a certain film, The Lead Shoes, made in 1949. In fact, that work isn't his true subject at all; he's discussing a film he's virtually making up right this instant:

> One might think I had planned it all. I hadn't... Not that I have the slightest objection to such retrospective illuminations A film has its own life and should be free to lead it, take you where it will. Critical hangups about intentions are not part of my aesthetic bag.

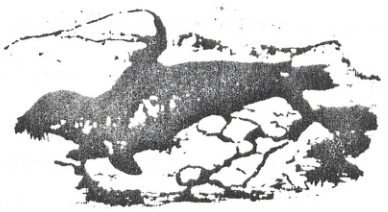
After that statement, need I point out the bleakly humorous reflection in A Fly in the Pigment, that the works in the Louvre lack the religious authenticity ascribed to them, because all museum "originals," retouched and "restored" over and over through the centuries, have literally been painted away by anonymous hands. Every which way he turns, Peterson sees the seductive, anarchic force which he names the process of "occulting." As if with the impact of one of his beloved San Franciscan earthquakes, by living we practice daily, unavoidably, the virtual erasure of history.

One would expect from so essentially a comic artist, that Peterson is most meaningful just where he is most humorous. Man in a Bubble, the title of his relatively recent film, is a serious metaphor too. The bubble in which the artist finds himself obstructs his sight, permits the very capacity for laughter that stems actually from his inability to see mere reality, to see simply that his feet are already firmly planted on the gallows steps, and anything outside that empty truth is an avoidance. Our imaginations are dark in the sense that they are sunshades. They insulate us from the elements, from a blinding sun, for example, whose diurnal movement only counts the finite chronology of our days. The "dark" artificial light of the movie screen is preferable; it misshapes time. Peterson really does hate chronologies because they're too natural; art denies nature by anamorphosis and is perhaps the one truly unnatural act. This accounts for Peterson's consistent attraction to taboos, sexual and otherwise, for his gags. Again, from The Dark of the Screen: " In his 1924 Manifesto of Surrealism, Breton declared that psychology is 'a subject about which I shall be careful not to joke.' He was wrong. He had not learned the lesson of Congreve, that the most serious subjects are the best for comedy." One supposes that the old taboos of the late 40's would not hold their own in 1981 - the year he finished Man in a Bubble with the help of Margie Keller. In this age where sensitivity is a virtue, Peterson felt compelled to embrace insensitivity as the only modern sin by way of a comic treatment of the horrific vision (horrific to the sensitive, I might add) of American youths shut off from the world behind earphones, rollerskating aimlessly back and forth. Peterson is no transcendentalist. Inverting our cherished notion of the creative spirit, he accepts the artist not as the most aware of humans, but as the least aware, as the person perpetually cut off, unconcerned, in a "bubble." Forty years of art making has not diminished his talent for demythologizing.

On these terms, by the way, a tribute is by definition a somber affair, another nail in the coffin that some artists are quite prone to avoid. Peterson will no doubt make light of our two day "celebration," as well he should, just to show that he is very much alive and kicking. One would hope therefore that our title refers the celebrant not necessarily to the work, but to the man, who in his apparent unconcern for what we're doing, in his consistently unserious manner, dispenses his greatest lesson, the moral precept that one should demand being oneself with as few illusions as possible. Wherever there is joke making, there is glorious misapprehension and vitality. Art is a mere pretext for practicing something far more important.

- John Pruitt

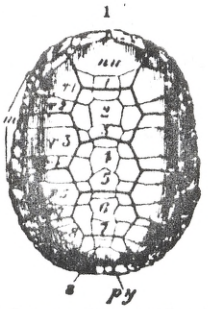
SIDNEY PETERSON ℌ SEAL, DESERTERS' ISLAND STYLE The preparation of this regional delicacy is simplicity itself. First, catch a seal (hair seal, common in the coastal waters off British Columbia). Save nose for bounty. Skin. Carve fat into strips and lay on grill over fire. Reduce to crackle. Disjoint remains. Slice liver. Broil. Salt and garnish with crumbled dried seaweed. Serve with potatoes, lemon and dry white wine, well-chilled. An alternative method is stewing. Onions are optional.



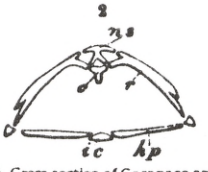
Bearded Seal (*Erignathus barbatus*).

SIDNEY PETERSON ℌ FIELD TURTLE This small creature may be encountered while driving along a highway. It may easily, in passing, be mistaken for terrapin. Take home and prepare as though it were. This takes hours. Before removing from shell, examine carefully. It is a rare and horrible sight. Disengage and slice. Sauté in butter with capers. Cook rice. Discard turtle and serve rice. This will teach you never to pick up a small turtle on a highway.

In cooking, nothing is more important than learning from your mistakes. When you



1. Carapace of Tortoise (*Emys*), dorsal surface, outside. The heavy lines indicate the divisions of the epidermal plates or scutes forming the tortoise-shell; the light lines show the sutures of the bony plates underlying and supporting the shell. *n*–8, expanded neural spines of vertebræ; *c*1–*c*8, expanded costal plates of ribs; *nn*, nuchal plate; *py*, pygal plates.



2. Cross-section of Carapace and Plastron of Tortoise. *c*, centrum of a vertebra; *n*, its expanded neural spine; *r*, expanded rib, forming one mass with a lateral scute and ending at a marginal plate; *ic*, interclavicular scute, or entoplastron; *hp*, hyosternal scute, or epiplastron.

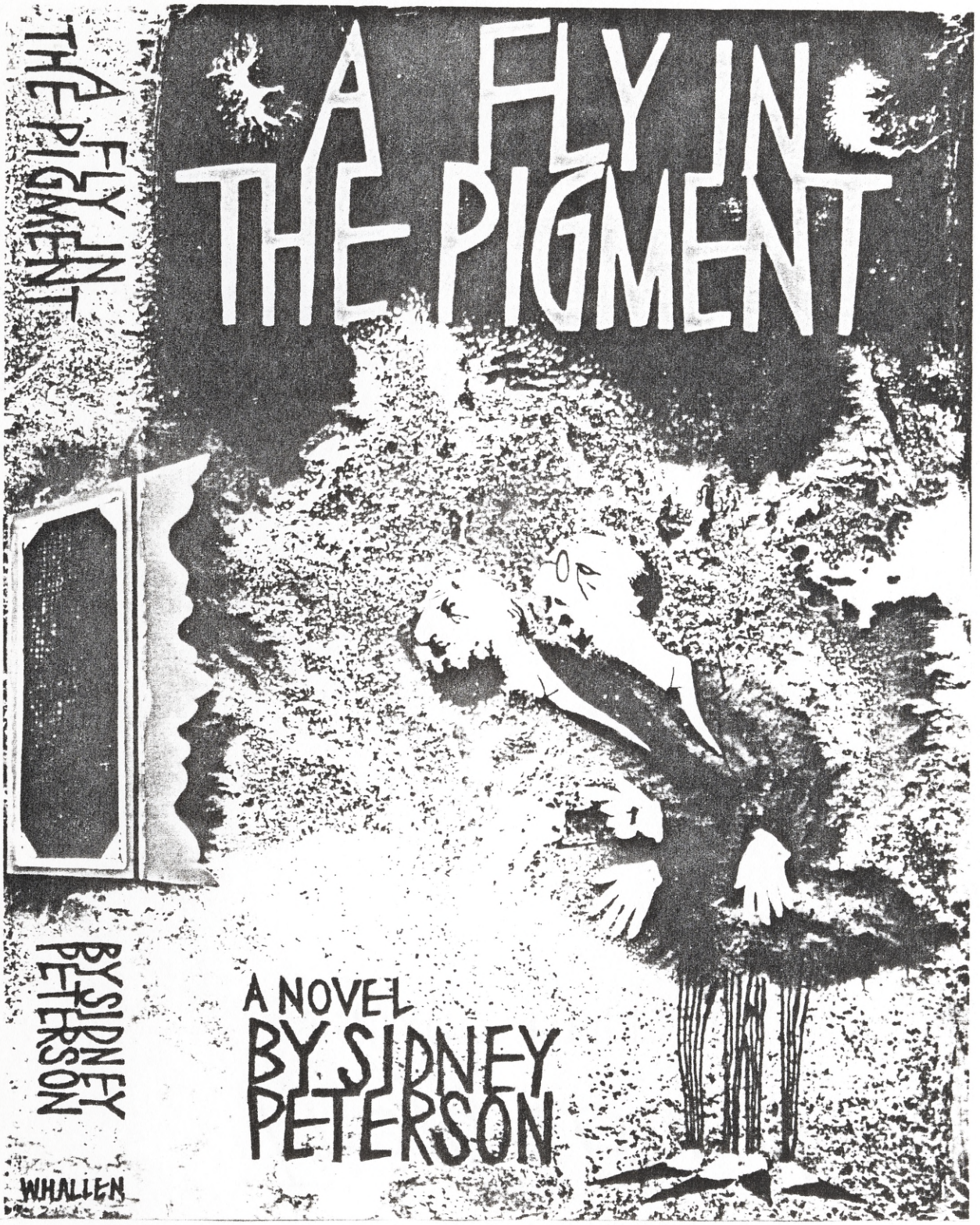
can learn from other people's mistakes you will learn faster. There are so many more of them. The drama is devoted to human error. Fiction has battened on mistakes, mostly marital, for centuries. Only the literature of the kitchen is entirely devoted to perfection. I think this is unfortunate. Where are the Zolas of Cuisine? The Freuds? The Cézannes? We need a "Manual of Bad Cookery" desperately. There is no virtue without sin. Good dishes derive from bad. How long did it take Rome to build up to an Apicius? More than a day, surely. Most people have the wrong idea about the history of nourishment. They still think in terms of battles and generals, kings and courts, Chicken à la Marengo and the contributions of Marie de Medici to the Grand Style. As an ever larger part of the race moves forward into an age of distinguished mediocrity in cans and freezers, the need for such a "manual" becomes more and more urgent. It will be a guide not only to nutritional sin but to creativity.

Gastronomically speaking, we wallow in a sea of restrictive legislation. Where would chemistry be today if it had stayed in the recipe stage? Where cooking still is. Where alchemy was. Such a manual would include a section on the pathology of omnivorous consumption. It would include a chapter on the decline and fall of bread over the last two thousand years. (This has already been done by Dr. Maurizio in his *Histoire de l'Alimentation Végétale,* a work which should long ago have been translated into English.)

It would include anecdotes of the strange food habits of the great and near great. It would take a good look at the actual eating habits of ordinary men and women in the several parts of the world. It would raise questions such as are apes really frugivorous? How bad was Mom's pie? What is the worst way to make a rabbit? It might even explain the following recipe which I concocted some years ago. I jotted down a list of ingredients but neglected to say what to do with them. The list follows: 2 fryers (large), carrots, turnips, onions, 4 cloves, 2 bananas, one apple, 1 can bouillon, 1 cup of apple brandy, water, pint sour cream, savory, coconut, butter for browning chicken, oil, garlic, etc.

Copied with Sidney Peterson's permission from:

The Artists' & Writers' Cookbook
edited by Beryl Barr & Barbara Turner Sachs
pub. by Contact Editions, Sausalito, California, 1961.



Front cover illustration for English edition of the "Fly."
Published by W. Hallen, London, 1962.
Jacket design by Tony Walton.